Thus ſtain'd and ſpotted with his innocent blood?
Theſe ſpeaking characters were there nothing elſe
To plead againſt ye, would conuict you both.
To Hartford with them, where the Siſes now are kept,
Their liues ſhall anſwer for my ſonnes loſt life.

Cob. As we are innocent, ſo may we ſpeede.

Lee. As I am wrong'd, ſo may the Law proceed.

Enter Rocheſter, Conſtable of S. Albons, with Prieſt, Doll, and the Iriſhman in Harpooles apparrell.

Biſh. What intricate confuſion haue we heere?
Not, two houres ſince, we apprehended one
In habit Iriſh, but in ſpeech not ſo;
And now you bring another, that in ſpeech is Iriſh,
But in habit, Engliſh: yea, and more than ſo,
The ſeruant of that hereticke Lord Cobham.

Iriſh. Fait be me no ſeruant of de Lort Cobham,
Me be Mack Chane of Vlſter.

Biſh. Otherwiſe cal'd Harpoole of Kent, go too ſir,
You cannot blinde vs with your broken Iriſh.

Pri. Truſt me Lord Biſhop, whether Iriſh or Engliſh,
Harpoole, or not Harpoole, that I leaue to the triall:
But ſure I am, this man by face and ſpeech,
Is he that murdred yong ſir Richard Lee:
I met him preſently vpon the fact,
And that he ſlew his maſter for that gold,
Thoſe Iewels, and that chaine I tooke from him.

Biſh. Well, our faires do call vs backe to London,
So that we cannot proſecute the cauſe
As we deſire to do, therefore we leaue
The charge with you, to ſee they be conuey'd
To *Hartford* Size: both this counterfet,
And you ſir Iohn of Wrotham, and your wench,
For you are culpable as well as they,
Though not for murther, yet for felony.
But ſince you are the meanes to bring to light
This graceleſſe murther, we ſhall beare with you

Our

Our Letters to the Iudges of the b
To be your friends in what they la

Pri. I thanke your Lordſhip.

Enter Gaoler bringing forth O

Gao. Bring foorth the priſoners, ſ
The Iuſtices are comming to the
So, let him ſtand away, and fetch t

Cob. Oh giue me patience to e
Thou that art fountaine of that v
And though contempt, falſe with
Hang on theſe iron gyues, to preſ
As low as earth, yet ſtrengthen m
That I may mount in ſpirit aboue

Enter Gaoler, bringing in La.

Here come's my Lady, ſorrow tis
Thy wound is greeuous, elſe I ſc
What and poore *Harpoole*! art th

Har. Ifaith my Lord, I am in,

La. Say (gentle Lord) for now
And may conferre, ſhall we conf
Of whence, and what we are, and
The accuſation is commenc'd ag

Cob. What will that helpe vs? B
We ſhall for hereſie be put to d
For ſo they terme the Religion
No, if we dye let this our com
That of the guilt impoſd our ſo

Har. I, I my Lord, Harpoole i
I wreake of death the leſſe in th
Not by the ſentence of that enu

La. Well be it then accordin

Enter L. Iudge, Iuſtices, Maior o
Lady, old ſir Richard Lee: the Iud

Iud. Now M. Maior, what G
You bring with you before vs

Mai. The Lord Powis if it lik

K

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